



# The Vision



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## Chapter 1 by BillyJoeBobJoeBobby

He had imagined the end many times. Well, imagined wasn't quite right. He had dreamed about it, hallucinated on it, obsessed over it.

The details never changed. The lights would go out. Silence for a time. He'd try to sleep through the night, sticky and uncomfortable with no air conditioning. His wife would complain about the damn power company. Even the battery-powered radio wouldn't work. Always the same.

The next morning his neighbors would stop by and ask him if he knew what was going on. He'd say, "No", and they'd talk about rumors of the Russians or the Chinese or Anonymous hacking the electrical grid. He'd nod politely and respond with appropriate concern, though he had no real sense of surprise. Even in his visions he'd re-lived the event a thousand times before.

Later in the day he'd smell a sweet flowery smell just before seeing his wife collapse, blood oozing from her eyes and ears and even through her skin. He'd feel the horror all over again, crying and panicked, just before desperately realizing that he needed to check on his kids.

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